decay, silently preaching lessons of comfort and immortal hope—and beneath

"——————— The yew tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

From the dark and gloomy yew we turn our attention to the

SWEET VIOLET.

(Viola odorata.)

Class, Pentandria; Order, monogynia; N. O. Violarieæ.

With its sweet purple and sometimes white blossoms which greet us from the shady banks:

"Nurs'd on the lap of solitude and shade,
The Violet smiles embosom'd in the glade,
There sheds her spirit on the lonely gale,
Gem of seclusion! treasure of the vale.

HEMANS.

This sweet flower is a special favourite of the poets, and is the emblem of faithfulness:

"Violet is for faithfulness,
Which in me shall abide,
Hoping likewise that from your heart
You will not let it slide,"